

THE GOAT

“A” “H Q” “B”

ROYAL CANADIAN DRAGOONS

MONTHLY CHRONICLE

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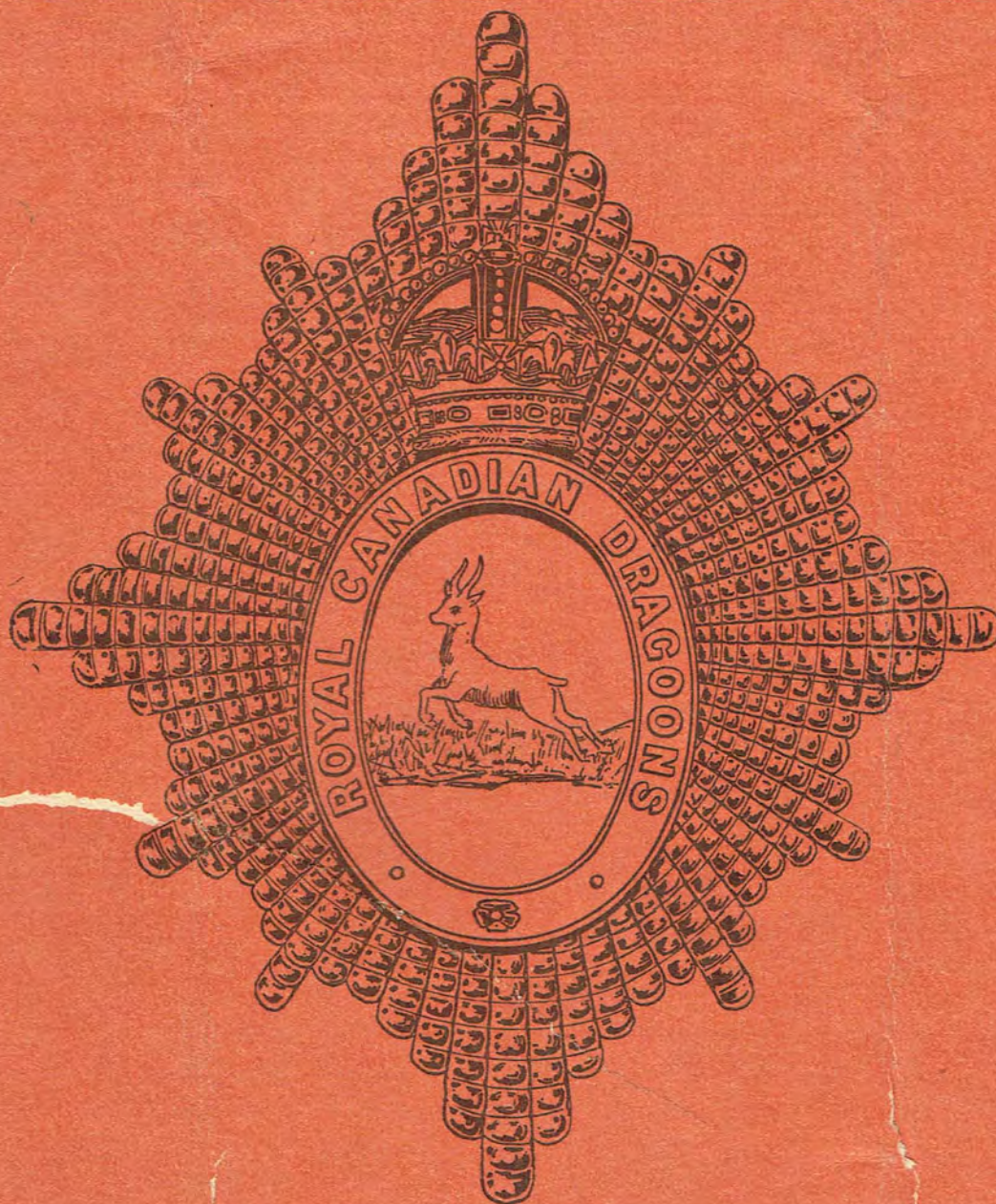
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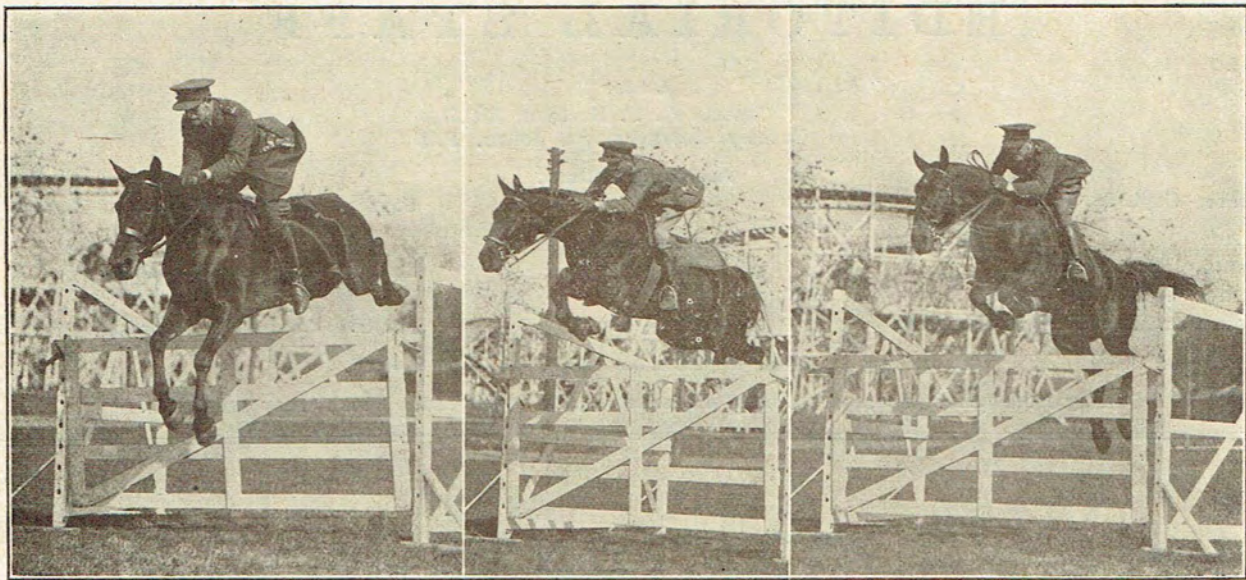
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CONTENTS

	Page		Page
Illustration—Canadian International Jumping Team—1927 ..	2	Biggins, Lance-Corporal	8
Editorial	3	Musical Ride	9
Personal and Regimental	3	Seychelles	10
By:own Bits	4	Soldiering (continued)	10
Old Comrades Notes	4	Bucephalus	14
Armistice	5	Vice (Continued)	15
Things we would like to know	5	Here and There	16
Chicago Notes	6	Books and their Authors	16
Chicago's Horse Shows	7	Horse Show—New York City	17
Officers attending the R.C.S. of C. St. Johns	7	Results of Royal Winter Fair	19
Games and Sports	7	The Intelligent Horse	19

CANADIAN INTERNATIONAL JUMPING TEAM--1927.



Capt. Stuart C. Bate, R.C.D.
on "Golden Gleam."

Major R. S. Timmis, D.S.O.
on "Bucéphalus"

Capt. L. D. Hammond, R.C.D.
on "Sergeant Murphy"

Editorial.

Armistice Day!—Our thoughts fly back over the intervening years to that memorable day which brought joy to many a heart and home and a feeling of thankfulness to the Almighty that loved ones had been spared to return to the fold.

Those of us who were still serving in the field can only visualize the scenes depicted throughout all great centres of the countries involved—restraint for the moment was cast aside and the masses gave way to a frenzied expression of joy in the most extraordinary ways.

What of the "Tommies" on the actual battlefields? One wonders what may have been the average thoughts crossing their minds upon receipt of such glad tidings; thoughts of dear ones at home—how soon before seeing them—the comforts of home life—the wonderful shows—the longing for a real bath, clean clothing and a real bed?

Did any of these thoughts occur? Perhaps not! Possibly the news was taken as a natural course of events—something sure to happen—something expected—just another cog passed in the wheel of war. Settled once more in normal life there was more time for sober thought and with it came the realization of the great sacrifice of human life—the loss of the youth and manhood of the Empire. Many a splendid fellow who had walked, talked and fought beside us had been left behind in a soldier's grave and all we have left are—memories.

What more befitting them than on the anniversary of Armistice Day to cease for a short time our restless struggle of life and bow our heads in silence as a remembrance and tribute to the glorious dead who passed before us.

To our Honoured and Glorious Dead Let us Always Keep Faith!

Before leaving for Amherst the Musical Ride was inspected by Brig-General W. B. M. King, C.M.G., D.S.O. He was very favourably impressed with the performance and made provision for comforts for the men on their trip.

Capt. and Mrs. Drury visited Capt. and Mrs. Berteau, spending an enjoyable afternoon, returning afterwards to Sherbrooke.

Personal & Regimental

(Stanley Barracks, Toronto)

Major D. B. Bowie, D.S.O., Officer Commanding the Royal Canadian Dragoons, attended the National Horse Show at Madison Square Garden, New York.

We were pleased to have Major M. K. Greene, The R.C.R. Cap J. A. Grenier, Captain C. O'Neil and Lieut. J. P. R. Roy, of the Royal 22nd Regiment and Lieut. J. K. Harrison, The R.C.R. stationed in Barracks during the rehearsal period prior to their departure with the Guard of Honour for Washington, D.C. We also enjoyed the company of the various detachments of the R.C.R., the R. 22nd R. and the R.C.H.A. and the playing of the massed bands which considerably brightened the barracks with their martial strains.

We regret to report that Lieut. W. E. Gillespie is at present a patient at Christie Street Hospital.

Major R. S. Timmis, D.S.O., and Capt. L. D. Hammond, R.C.D., from St. Johns, P.Q., were welcome visitors at the Barracks during their training prior to the New York Horse Show and we are pleased to state that they are remaining with us for the Royal Winter Fair.

Our congratulations to Sergt. J. Y. MacDonald on his recent promotion to the rank of Sergeant. Sergeant MacDonald has served with the Regiment almost continuously since 1907; we also extend our congratulations to L/Cpls. Webb, Hood and Gardner on obtaining their first stripe.

We regret to state that Mrs. D. B. Bowie has been laid up for the past few weeks. She is still suffering as a result of the kick from a horse that she received at Niagara during the latter part of July.

Major-Generals H. C. Thacker, C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O., and H. A. Paret, C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O., lunched in Barracks on Thursday, November 10th, whilst en route from Ottawa to attend the unveiling of the Canadian Cross of Sacrifice at Washington.

A large number of attached officers are at present attending the Royal Canadian Schools of Infantry and Machine Guns and Captain T. Sanderson of the 1st Hussars and Lieut. Campbell, G.G.B.C. are

attending the Royal Canadian School of Cavalry.

Since last going to press Major Hubert Stethem who for the past three years has been Adjutant of the Regiment has been seconded for duty as an Instructor at the Royal Military College, Kingston. Major Stethem has had over 20 years service in the Canadian Militia, 16 of which he has spent in the Royal Canadian Dragoons, and, although we hasten to congratulate him upon his new appointment we are genuinely sorry at his departure for Kingston. The best wishes of all ranks will accompany Major and Mrs. Stethem and Buster to Kingston.

We are pleased to welcome Sergt. Major and Mrs. J. H. Dowdell and family to Toronto on transfer from St. Johns, P.Q.

The Annual Dinner of the Toronto Garrison Sergeants Association was held on the evening of Saturday, November 12th, at the King Edward Hotel. The Barracks was represented by Major L. Caldwell, R.C.D., Capt. W. J. Home, M.C., R.C.R., R.Q.M.S., J. MacLean, S.Q.M.S., A. Hamilton, Sergt. Buell, Sgt. Instr. E. J. Manning, Sergt. Major Maxted, R.C.E., Sergt. F. Kent, R.C.A.M.C. and four Sergeants of the R.C.R. The dinner was attended by 345 including the D.O.C. and his staff and the Mayor of Toronto. The chief speaker of the evening was Bishop Smith, K.C.B., etc., former Chaplain-General of the British Forces.

Major and Mrs. William Baty spent the Thanksgiving week-end in London, Ontario, the guests of Captain and Mrs. V. Hodson.

Captain Drury has returned from a month's leave spent in Sherbrooke, Que. Owing to the illness of Mrs. W. A. Farwell, Mrs. Drury's mother the latter has remained in Sherbrooke for a few months. Whilst on leave Captain and Mrs. Drury paid a flying visit to the Cavalry Barracks at St. Johns, P.Q., where they were entertained at a very pleasant tea-party by Captain and Mrs. Berteau.

Lieut. C. Churchill Mann has been gazetted as a Lieutenant in the Royal Canadian Dragoons and is now stationed at Stanley Barracks. Lieut. Mann is the oldest son of Mr. C. C. Mann, of 56 Warren Road, Toronto. He was educated at Upper Canada College and the Royal Military College, Kingston. For the past four years he has held a commission in the Governor-General's Body Guard. All ranks extend to him their congratulations upon his appointment.

A twenty-four file Musical Ride under the direction of Captain J. Wood are busy schooling for the Royal Winter Fair.

Capt. "Weird" Wardrope's genial wife brought him to Toronto with a view to disposing of some of his dividend cheques. "Annual house-cleaning is now in vogue all over this part of the country, even Hamilton has not escaped the epidemic."

Major E. A. Hethrington rambled in for lunch and looks very fit after his summer vacation.

Hilton Wilkes, who is now on the Governor-General's Body Guard, looked very hale and hearty on a recent visit.

Major R. S. Timmis and Capt. L. D. Hammond were again welcomed to our midst.

Lieut. W. G. D. Chadwick came through Barracks on leave and was collared to assist in the solution of a tactical problem. We are told that he materially assisted in the defeat of the enemy all of which may ultimately assist him in his ambition for promotion.

Tprs. Bennet and Bradley dropped in on their way through from Detroit where they are now laboring successfully.

Our genial old friend Sergt. Major "Lefty" Henry dropped in full of gas and bombs on his way home from the Small Arms School. Henry, you will all remember, left us some years ago and is now with the Lord Strathcona's Horse (R.C.)

Tpr. Lewis ran in to say cheerio. He is now a gallant airman at Camp Borden.



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We welcome the following new men to our midst:—Mr. Churchill Mann (graduate of the Royal Military College, formerly of the Governor-General's Body Guard, who has now decided to make soldiering his profession.) and the following recruits: Elwood Anthony, Arthur Idwell Morgan.

Regimental Headquarters and "B" Squadron have just finished an orgy of Barrack renovation. The Stables and Riding School have been moved to the Western edge of Barracks, re-built and look finer than ever. All the ground work in the vicinity of stables and square have been graded and covered with cinders by the Parks Department of Toronto. The Barracks generally have been brightened up. All the washed off whitewash has been replaced on Barrack buildings, the stone window sills on every building in Barracks have been painted white, woodwork generally and outside railings have been done in a

brilliant green which is a decided improvement over the all-over grey appearance of barracks heretofore.

The eighty-five year old stone magazine of the R.C.D. has been demolished, even the old forage barn could not escape its fate and is being moved over between the Riding School and Stables. The saddler shop has been rebuilt and now stands up a brilliant white monument for Q.M.S. Oliver. The wagon shed has been rebuilt in the South-west corner of barracks, in fact, the whole place looks so trim and smart that Sergt. Jackson has seriously considered placing a door mat at the entrance to barracks for all and sundry to clean their feet on before entering.

Bytown Bits.

The Pats Entertain:—The Ottawa branch of the P.P.C.L.I. Association entertained Lieut.-Col. A. Hamilton Gault D.S.O., at a dinner party on the evening of the 3rd November. Col. Gault had expressed a desire to meet as many as possible of the members of the famous regiment and a large number turned out to the dinner, which was held in the Sergeants' Mess of the P.L.D.G. Since the war Col. Gault has taken a keen interest in Old Country politics and is at present a member of the British House of Commons. Sergeant-Major T. T. Shields, M.M., was the chairman at the dinner.

Staff Tour:—A staff tour of officers of M.D. No. 3 was held in the vicinity of Ottawa from October 28th to October 30th. A large number of officers attended and the exercises took place to the west of Ottawa over the country south and west of Compaught Ranges. The tour was under direction of Brig.-General F. W. Hill, C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O., the G.S.O. of the district. He was assisted by Lieut.-Col. H. E. Boak, Lieut.-Col. S. G. Bacon, Lieut.-Col. W. G. Haggerty and Major R. Leach, R.C.H.A. and Lieut.-Col. E. W. Sansome of Headquarters.

Church Parade:—The annual church parade of the 38th Ottawa Highlanders was held the end of October to Welcome Zion church where Major the Rev. H. I. Horsey, chaplain of the unit, addressed the men. The parade was under command of Lieut.-Col. W. B. Megloughlin.

21st Dinner:—The annual dinner of the members of the 21st Batt.,

C.E.F., was held in Ottawa on the 20th of October. The chair was taken by Brig.-Gen. W. St. P. Hughes, D.S.O., the first commanding officer of the unit, and a large number attended.

Guards Inspection:—The annual inspection of the Governor-General's Foot Guards was held at the Drill Hall on the evening of the 4th instant. The parade was in full review order, scarlet with busbies, and was under command of Lieut.-Col. C. Beresford Topp, D.S.O., the commanding officer. A large number of invitations had been issued to officers at Headquarters and officers commanding local units and a number of friends. The inspection was carried out by Major-General J. H. Elmsley C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O., commanding M.D., No. 3. The inspection was graced by the presence of His Excellency, Lord Willingdon, Honorary Colonel of the Regiment and Lady Willingdon. After the inspection the regiment marched past and at the conclusion of the ceremonies a reception was held in the mess.

Bob Thackray:—It was with genuine regret that the members of the Ottawa garrison learned of the somewhat sudden death of Lieut.-Col. R. G. Thackray, M.C., which occurred at Quebec on the 29th of October. He had been employed with a pulp company at St. Anne de Beaupre and was only in hospital a few days. Bob was one of the old pre-war officers of the gunners and had served with them since the formation of the 23rd Battery, about 1906. He served his time in the ranks and was given a commission by Major E. W. B. Morrison, then the Battery Commander. He went overseas with the Battery as a Lieutenant and finished up as a Lieut.-Col. on the staff. Later he was at M.D. 4, as A.A. & Q.M.G., which appointment he vacated to return to duty with the R.C.H.A. at Kingston. He resigned from the service a few years ago and had since been in the lumber business. His funeral on the 1st November was a military one and a large number of officers of the garrison turned out to pay their respects. The firing party was furnished by the 38th Ottawa Highlanders.

Flag Pole Wanted:—Some months ago the Over and Back Club launched a drive to secure a new flag pole for the Canadian Building to replace the one struck by lightning in 1919. The remains of the old one have been tak-

en away but owing to paucity of funds the new pole is not in position. There are several flags in Ordnance just dying to get a chance to flap around and if we get enough subscribed the new pole will be erected.

Sent Congrats:—The Officers of the Princess Louise Dragoon Guards sent a telegram of congratulation to Major R. S. Timmis and the members of the Canadian Team, New York, in view of the wonderful showing of the Major's big horse and wishing them all success during the show.

Winter Fair:—The Ottawa Winter Fair will be held the week of the 21st and a large number of entries have been received for all classes. The R.C.H.A. will put on their musical drive.

Why This Thusness:—A recent circular letter from M.D. No. 3 respecting an arrangement between Headquarters, Dept., National Defence and the Ontario Government, draws a very thick line between the Permanent and the Non-Permanent Militia. Some of the latter service feel that the matter is one for further investigation and see no reason for the distinction.

Old Comrades Notes

We were more than pleased last month to receive a short visit from R.S.M., H. R. Henry, L.S.H., (R.C.) R. S. M. Henry served as a Sergeant in the 3rd Troop "B" Squadron in France and is now Regimental Sergeant Major of the Strathcona's R. S. M. Henry was passing through Toronto on his way to Winnipeg after attending the Gas Course at the Canadian Small Arms School, Ottawa.

No doubt many veterans of the regiment, as they stood during the two minutes silence on Armistice Day either at Stanley or The Cavalry Barracks, or in many other places throughout the world, reflected for a moment upon the tragic death of one of their Old Comrades who had been spared during the war, but the news of whose death had been reported in the morning papers.

"John Bull" served for four years in the R.C.D.'s, before the war and went overseas as S.S.M. of "A" Squadron.

The press despatch read as follows—

... London, Nov. 10.—Fire which gutted a row of 12 houses at Windsor early this morning claimed

as a victim George Leonard Bull, aged 42, a former Life Guardsman, who served during the war as a Captain in the Canadian army. A woman also lost her life in the fire. Captain Bull, who was known locally as "John Bull" and was steward in a local Territorial club, made a brave fight for his life and finally fell back into the flames in full view of the agonized spectators. He was handicapped by a broken leg and was unable to mount the window sill in an upper room from which he had previously pushed his wife to save her from the fire after she had dropped their baby from the window into a blanket being held for it. The baby was not injured and the mother's injuries were slight.

After his wife and child were out of the burning dwelling Bull shouted to his would be rescuers to go to the rear of the house, but when they arrived there they realized that it was impossible to enter the building owing to the rapid work of the flames. Bull made a last desperate attempt to climb out of the window, but was unable to do so.

Canadian Regrets

Ottawa, Ont., Nov. 10—Former officers of the Canadian Expeditionary Force expressed keen regret here today at the death in the fire at Windsor, England, of Captain George L. Bull. It was recalled by some of his former comrades that the deceased had served in both the Royal Canadian Dragoons and also in the 170th Battalion, C.E.F. He had been a soldier prior to his coming to Canada, having served in the Royal Horse Guards. He continued his military career in Canada and was for four years in the ranks of the R.C.D's. He proceeded to France with that regiment and was commissioned from it in December, 1915. He returned to Canada for duty and secured an appointment to the 170th Battalion, which was then in process of formation.

He became adjutant of that unit while in Canada, and was promoted Captain. He returned to England with the 170th Battalion when it went overseas in October, 1916 and was later transferred to the Canadian Reserve Cavalry Regiment at Shornecliff, Kent.

Amongst the recent visitors to Stanley Barracks in the last month were noted:—

Capt. and Mrs. Whitehead who were up from Three Rivers for the races, and spent a few days with the Commanding Officer.



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ARMISTICE

As in past years the "Great Silence" was observed by the units of Stanley Barracks and The Cavalry Barracks by a parade of all ranks. The ceremonies were short and impressive and so timed that the first note of The Last Post sounded at eleven o'clock. Wreaths were placed in the Royal Canadian Dragoons Memorial Tablet in Toronto by the R.C.D's and the R.C.R. also on the Memorial clock at St. Johns.

Several Old Comrade and civilian friends came up to Stanley Barracks to attend the ceremony among them being Major A. E. Steer, M.C. Sgt. T. Sheehy and Cpl. Green were also on parade in Toronto during the ceremony.

Representatives from the Station Sergeants' Mess in Toronto visited the Cenotaph at the City Hall at 11 a.m. and placed upon it a wreath from their Mess.

An impressive incident occurred in connection with the Armistice Ceremony at Stanley Barracks.

A gang of workmen repairing the tracks of the T.T.C. near the Barracks approached the fence and stood reverently with their hats removed during the two minutes silence.

Capt. Berteau, has received the following letter from the Mayor of Amherst, N.S.

"Dear Sir:—

As Mayor and also chairman of the 2 in 1 Exposition I wish to express to you the thanks and gratitude of the people of Amherst, for the visit of a Company of the Royal Canadian Dragoons, under the command of Mr. Chadwick, to our town.

I am only stating a fact when saying the Dragoons were in large part responsible for the success of the show.

Mr. Chadwick's unfailing courtesy to us all is deeply appreciated and the deportment of your men while here was worthy of the traditions of your famous Regiment.

I only hope that your officer and men were able to enjoy in small

part their visit to Amherst, as it was a pleasure to the citizens of Amherst.

With best wishes to yourself, I remain,

Sincerely,
(Sgd.) H. D. BUDEN
..Mayor

THINGS WE WOULD LIKE TO KNOW

Cpl. Desnoyers's opinion of "coloured kisses."

Who made the biggest hit at Amherst—the "ring master" or the "tin soldier?"

Whether M.G. and Wickam enjoy being half-sections in a musical ride.

The difference between an engine and a carriage. (Solution from "Jessie.")

Who Reggie was dreaming about in Amherst.

Why Sgt. Neeves ate so much.

What went on in the "Bird's nest."



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many novelties in

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CHICAGO NOTES

By Major Nordheimer

American versus Canadian Football.

I had my first experience of watching a game of American Collegiate Football on Saturday 24th, when I went to see the North Western University-Illinois University match at Evanston, Ill. Having always been interested in the scope afforded by American Rules to increase the offensive plays in the Canadian game, as introduced successfully by Shaunessy at McGill University and lately by Queens and Toronto Coaches, the chance which presented itself to view a game between two evenly matched and well coached American teams, was not to be missed.

Northwestern University and Illinois are in what is called the "Big-Ten" and neither team had been defeated this year. The American Universities do not play out a schedule of "home and home" games such as we do in Canada but each team has a schedule drawn up, and the one that makes the best showing throughout the season is adjudged the winner. Sometimes two or more teams may go through a season undefeated, the schedule not calling for competition between themselves. This naturally leaves room for discussion as to which is really the better team but as a rule, the title is clearly won by one team going through without defeat.

One must see an American crowd to appreciate the vast interest taken in football. At the Northwestern-Illinois game, 40,000 people were jammed in the immense Stadium paying on an average of \$2.75 each. Temporary stands had been put in for this game, but the immense permanent concrete stands, two tiers high, hold over 35,000. An unobstructed view of every part of the field is afforded from the stands and the handling of the crowd is excellently executed. The playing field is marked off every 10 yards, as in our game, with the additional feature of having the 5 yard lines marked and a wooden block on which is painted the yardage represented by the line is placed facing the stands, so no difficulty is experienced by the spectators in following the amount of ground gained or to be made. Another feature, which might well be adopted in the Canadian Game, is the moving of the goal posts ten yards beyond the lines, so that there is no danger of hampering plays by hitting the posts. The



"HISTORY"

Suggested design for the frontispiece of a text book to be used in Chicago Schools.

American Veteran (to John Bull). "WHAT (IF ANYTHING) DID YOU DO IN THE GREAT WAR?"

(From Punch).

extra yardage required for place or drop kicks does not seem to matter and injuries to players by contact with the posts is eliminated.

The game itself was a great disappointment to me. Outside of the "forward pass" and an occasional punt on a last "down," there was practically no open play. Interference was scientifically executed by both teams but even with this "aid" ground gaining plays were few and far between. I saw very few new plays employed. The old "criss cross," the "fake" pass and "kick" formations were tried repeatedly and most plays were through the line. No lateral passes were attempted and according to the Rules, the man in possession of the ball, cannot pass it after he crosses the line of scrimmage. The punting was miserable both in regard to distance, height and direction and there were no attempts at field goals. Both sides made touchdowns, Northwestern on a line play which was not converted, Illinois on a forward pass which was converted, the difference of the one point winning for Illinois.

The tackling was good but the plays were so massed that it was difficult to see whether the tackles were high or low. Change in players were frequent, though there were few casualties. As a whole the game is far less spectacular than a game of Canadian Intercollegiate Football, the teams

being slower and heavier. The question I kept asking myself was, why a man with interference to aid him, should find difficulty in making good gains when, in our game, runs of 20, 30 and 40 yards are pulled off without interference. I have not as yet found the answer but it seems that American coaches favour weight over speed. Northwestern displayed lack of brains, notably in the last quarter when with the ball on Illinois 25 yard line on the first down, near the touch line, they failed to work it over in position to try a drop or place kick, when either, if successful, would have given them the lead. Illinois employed a short "forward passing" game very successfully and their defensive plays were quite equal to handling Northwestern's attack.

The Band of Illinois University, 250 strong, was a sight worth seeing and hearing them play the Northwestern Song to the accompaniment of thousands of student voices, was something not soon to be forgotten.

To sum up my impression of the game, as I saw it can be itemized as follows.

Attendance. Much larger than usual in Canada.

Stadium. Much finer and larger than anything we have.

Tackling. About the same.

Trick plays. Much similar to ours but assisted by interference.

Running. Not much chance to

judge but there did not appear to be any fast halves on either team. Handling of teams. Northwestern did not seem to have much of a variety to their attack or if they had, did not use it. Illinois varied their plays and always had their opponent guessing.

CHICAGO'S HORSE SHOWS

The two main events for equestrians take place this month. The first is the Chicago Riding Club Horse Show from November 25th to 26th, the second the International Show which follows the Chicago Riding Club, from Nov. 26th to Dec. 3rd inclusive. Both Shows will have the cream of the horses on exhibit and keen jumping and riding competition is anticipated.

The recent acquisition of 'Rocket' one of the finest jumping horses in the country, by Thompson Ross, a Member of the Indian Hill Riding Club, will enable Major Nordheimer, the Club Manager and Instructor, to have a mount that will take a lot of beating. Mr. Ross has very kindly asked Major Nordheimer to ride the horse in both Shows and details of his success will be at hand for the next issue of "The Goat."

All ranks extend to S.M. C. Smith their congratulations on his promotion to S.S.M.I.

S. M. Smith arrived in barracks on Monday, Nov. 21st having been to England on furlough.

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LIST OF OFFICERS AND O.R.'s ATTENDING R.C.S. OF C. 1927-28.

Field Officers Course.

Capt. Barry, 7th Hussars.

Capt. E. D. MacAulay, 7th Hussars.

Capt. W. McNeill, No. 4 Cyclist Co., C. of G.

Lt's and N.C.O.'s. Course

Lt. C. J. Ceappy, E.T.M.R.

P/Lt. J. Paquet, 11th Hussars

P/Lt. J. B. MacAulay, 7th Hussars.

P/Lt. L. Champoux, 7th Hussars.

P/Lt. R. H. Ross, 8th P.L. (N.B.) Hussars.

P/Lt. J. M. Prescott, 8th P.L. (N.B.) Hussars.

P/Lt. L. N. Clinch, N.B. Dragoons.

P/Lt. J. P. Ryder, N.B. Dragoons.

Sgt. G. E. Wentworth, E.T.M.R.

Sgt. H. Mayhen, 7th Hussars.

Cpl. L. Farley, 7th Hussars.

Cpl. M. E. Morrison, 7th Hussars.

Riding

Col. Brabant, Le Regt. de St. Hyacinthe.

Capt. R. Fafard, Les Fus. du St. Laurent.

Practical (Part II)

Lt. G. D. Bisson, No. 5 C.C.—C. of G.

Lt. J. L. Reiman, No. 5 C.C.—C. of G.

Lt. A. L. L. 17th Hussars.

GAMES AND SPORTS

In the midst of all our Barrack cleaning, etc., games and sports have been rather pushed on to the sidelines, but this will be remedied in the near future.

To start with; the Annual Shoot of "B" Sqdn. Rifle Association will be held at Long Branch on the 21st instant.

The first Regimental Dance of the season is being held in the Gymnasium on the night of the 21st. The gymnasium now looks brighter than ever under the able hand of Trooper "Tom" Duff.

The Men's Library has been renovated to the extent of:—

1. Tpr. Rutherford the Librarian is back on the job.

2. A hundred new books have been purchased.

3. All the billiard and pool equipment has been renewed, even the Sergeants Mess have renewed their billiard equipment and under the able guidance of S.M.I. Dowdell who has returned to the fold at Toronto, a new activity in that line is looked for.

We regret to report here that our genial Sergeant Major Mr. Churchward is having a great deal of difficulty with his broken arm sustained at Petawawa, S.M.I. Aisthorpe is carrying on in his absence.

Major Lawson our new Medical Officer has the hospital polished up to such an extent, that everyone is afraid to go sick in case they have to do some more polishing.

R.Q.M.S. MacLean has returned from the Small Arms School and is seen constantly with either a rifle or bayonet in his hand. He is also now attending the R.C.S. of C. We are beginning to think he must have ambitions other than in the stores, in fact it is surprising how diseases spread. As soon as he was seen riding again all the rest of the Staff and employed wanted to do so, so that now arrangements have been made for them all to ride every Saturday morning at 7.00 a.m. (Staff Ride) They all enjoy it immensely and in fact our fat friend in "B" Sqdn. office was so keen on jumping that he jumped over first, followed by his noble charger.

The following officers and N.C.O.'s. have qualified as:—

Major E. L. Caldwell—Master Painter (1st Class.)

Capt. J. Wood—Landscape Gardener and Groundsman.

S.S.M. J. Copeland, D.C.M.—General Superintendent.

Sergt. T. Jackson—Street Cleaner (Extraordinary.)

Q.M.S.T. J. Travers—Master Clock Winder (99th Class.)

S.M.I. T. A. Aisthorpe, D.C.M., M.M.; Tpr. Albertson; Tpr. Kempsey; Tpr. Hayes; Tprs. Morgan; Tpr. Forsyth; Tpr. Waud—Painters Extraordinary.

S.Q.M.S. A. Hilton—Paint Mixer (No Class)

Last but not least—Major D. B. Bowie, D.S.O.,—Master Decorator.

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Johns, P.Q.

Biggins, Lance-Corporal. (Unpaid)

By Toffee Apple.

Courtesy of "The Veteran" St. Johns, Nfld.

There are few villages more favourably situated than Larkslip. No artist has yet "caught the atmosphere" and done it justice.

To Biggins, as he stepped from the train on the first day of his first leave, the old home appealed as it had never done before.

Just mustering a few hundred souls, Larkslip gave ungrudgingly of its store of youth at the outbreak of War. Of the gallant little band who went away with the first hundred thousand, "Our Corporal"—as the villagers affectionately called Biggins—was sole survivor.

As soon as it was known that the Corporal was on his way home a meeting was called, and it was decided that he be given an official reception at the Pig and Whistle. There was some discussion with respect to the most suitable hour, and it was settled that the evening of the day on which he arrived would be most convenient to all concerned.

Biggins, who possessed unbounded imagination, had spent just one week in front line trenches before being told off for duty at Brigade Headquarters Mess.

Having a ready pen, he had given those at home the impression that he was at all times in close touch with the enemy, but having a charmed life, had so far escaped unscathed. He had hinted in one of his letters, that he could tell a thing or two about the Kaiser which however would have to keep until he got home.

There was naturally much speculation with regard to just what the Corporal could tell, and all were impatient to have it "right from the horse's mouth." It is little wonder then, that long before the appointed hour the limited space at the Pig and Whistle was crowded to overflowing.

Now, at every important meeting held during the past sixty years or more, Uncle George Wately had occupied the chair, and although suffering from "rheumee-tics" at 7.30 precisely, he took his seat.

On his right sat the hero of the hour looking far from comfortable but "Uncle Garge" knew how to handle every situation and allowed sufficient time for Biggins to blow the froth off a pint or two before opening proceedings, thus permitting Biggins to "pull himself to-

gether."

At last the long looked for moment arrived and amidst much clapping of hands, Uncle George—in spite of his "rheumee-tics"—managed to gain his feet, and in a few well chosen words welcomed the hero and hoped that he would consent to give his fellow townsmen an account of his wonderful experiences, not forgetting what he could tell them of Kaiser Bill.

Rising to his feet the Corporal began—"Well Uncle Garge, Ladies and Gentlemen, we are getting on with that little scrap out there, but I often thought when up to my eyes in mud and not 'avin' anythink to eat for fifty hours or more, of all you folks sittin' in the good old Pig and Whistle swillin' pints of the best and sayin', the papers reports all quiet on the front. Quiet is it? Why unless 'tis a bloody good scrap with thousands of us dyin' like flies, the papers reports all quiet on the front. I'd like to 'ave some of them paper chaps out there and teach them somethink, I would.

"You ask me to tell somethink about the Kaiser. Well just about a month back, the Officer, he comes up to me and says, Corporal the Kaiser and Little Willie is payin' a visit to the Jerries over yonder. Don't you think—says he—you and a few of the lads could go over quiet like and bring one or both of them over here? Sure sir—says I—give me Ginger and a few more and you'll 'ave the Kaiser and 'is cub over to company headquarters for breakfast. Dead or alive, says he, and the dead or the better as we 'as no rations up to-night.

"Now, Uncle Garge, ladies and gentlemen, I'm not one of them what blows 'is own 'orn, but I must say the Officer knew 'is man and me bosom swelled with pride at being chose for such an important mission.

"I on with me tin topper, puts the gas bag in the gas position as the wind was blowin' our way and you never knows but what the Kaiser was up to see some gas show or other, puts a dozen mills in me pockets and call the boys together.

"I often seen the Colonel call the Officers together before a show to explain the special idea, as we say in the army, and he tells them not to come back dead or alive if they can help it.

"Now I must tell you that Ginger is me second in command and though not 'alf a bad sort, when I told him on the quiet that it was over the top with the best of luck, he says, "thought so, strawberry up last ration." You know I 'alf believe in the strawberry story, for every blessed time there was dirty work brewin' up comes jolly old strawberry.

"Well, I was sayin', I often seen the Colonel call the Officers together, so I does the same with the lads, and told them the special idea was over the bags with the best, as the Kaiser and Little Willie were over yonder and the Officer was anxious to get 'em in and send 'em to the Zoo. With that the boys began to kick up hell and of course I 'ad to put me foot down as displin must be kept at all costs.

"I told off Ginger as second in command, and told Bill Cantsay he was to come along with the stretcher bearers and round up any stragglers. "What yer mean stragglers, this aint any bloomin' general advance," says Ginger, and I ignored that, as if I took any notice of it I'd 'ave to put old Ginger on that mat. See'n as they took it all in proper like, I says, Officers will synchronise their watches.

Then I remembered I was the only Officer, and me only a Lance Corporal unpaid, and damned well unpaid too. There ain't a man in the army as what d'serves three pips—although I says it meself—more than I do. However when I thinks as Lord Humberley's son up at the big 'ouse was only a Tommy before he was killed I feels, ladies and gentlemen, its not always them with the most brains wears three pips.

"Well I told them zero hour would be eleven pip emma, and when it come, along over the bags we goes, and I'd just started to get under our wire when bang, up goes a very light from the Jerries trench. Down we flops, hearts a-beat, and not a stir till all was good and dark again. Just as I was givin' the advance signal again—not to be denied—Our Officer, bally fool, puts up one of our fairy lights, and if you believe me, it fell right on the bags in the Huns' trench, and who should I see peepin' over the top but our friend the Kaiser 'imself.

"Right, thinks I, we'll nab yer old lad, when down I falls into a shell hole, bringin' a blinkin' knife rest down on top of me. I was pretty wild as every time I tried to stir the old knife rest 'ummed like a 'arp. Well Ginger be'n

on 'hand soon 'ad me out none the worse for the little scare.

"The next thing I knew, bang goes one of our shells over, and take it from me, ladies and gentlemen, if the ruddy gunners knows a poor foot slogger is out to win a V.C. they'll spoil 'is sport for sure, and then they seys sorry but we was testin' or puttin down night lines.

"Anyhow I began to get anxious as at any time 'is royal 'ighness might do a bunk, and of course when our shell went over Jerry, 'ad to put up another light, be-time they did not gin searchin' with a in' suspicious like, and I be damned if this machine gun. Feelin' a sharp pain in me shoulder, I seys to me self, seys I, your 'it but when I puts up me 'and to see how much blood there was, there was none at all. I suppose it was a bit of rock what went up and 'it me arm, anyhow it was somethink to be thankful for, as without a leader the whole expedition would fail.

"After all got quiet again, we rushed things, and did not take long to step into the German trench. We knocks at Company H.Q. dugout door but nobody comes out to welcome us, so we throws down a stink bomb and up comes 'alf an 'undred Jerries, all smiles and glad to be took. Pass 'em along to the rear, seys I, and off they went like a lot of kitten. We posts a sentry and goes on moppin' up and sendin' more and more over to our trenches till there seemed to be nobody left.

"It was just beginnin' to dawn and I felt like a fag as nobody took no notice of us, so I lights up and strolls down the trench when what do you think I sees. There was the Kaiser and Little Willie sittin' on biscuit boxes with a great big dish in front of them and they was moppin' up sausages to beat the band.

"I just had a clip put in me magazine when I heard a whistle over head, and the next thing I knew was, down comes one of them nine twos right on top of the two of them Kaiser, Willie, dish and all went to blazes and search as much as could after the dust and smoke cleared, not a bit of either of 'em could I find.

"Well, seys I, that 'and I must go away 'ome and count the bag all the time wishing our blinking gunners would mind their own business and leave us alone. However Uncle Garge, ladies and gentlemen the German papers will report the Kaiser here, there and everywhere only after the War when they can't keep it quiet no longer, but

Musical Ride.

On Wednesday, Oct. 26th, a sixteen file musical ride under command of Lieut. Chadwick left for Amherst, N.S., to perform at the Exposition which combined the Provincial Exhibition and Maritime Winter Fair.

We travelled on the "Maritime Express" and arrived at our destination at noon on the 27th, where much to our embarrassment we found that a large part of the population had turned up to meet us. After detraining we proceeded to the stables of Mr. Lloyd Black, who was superintendent of the Horse Show, where we found accommodation for our horses. We were "billeted" in the St. Regis Hotel.

On the morning of the 28th the Governor-General arrived by special train to open the Exposition and we formed the mounted part of the Guard of Honour which met him at the station. In the evening we put on our first ride. The arena was some two miles from the stables and the weather being unkind (it was pouring rain) we felt anything but at our best. We were scheduled to appear at 8 p.m. and five minutes ahead of time we appeared in the arena which was about half-filled. At 8.15 we were on our way back to stables congratulating ourselves that we had put on a creditable show. For the remainder of the Fair we performed nightly before a packed grandstand and a couple of extra matinee performances in order to accommodate the large attendance.

It was the first ride that had been put on in the Maritime Provinces for a long time and judging by the congratulations we received it was much appreciated. The music was provided by the excellent Masonic Band from Halifax. After the evening performance on Nov. 1st six of our party took part in a "leaping competition." This consisted of a single bar jump. There were three civilian entries. The jump was started at two feet six inches which all the civilians and one of our party failed to negotiate. The bar was then raised by stages to 4 foot 6 ins. Tpr. Brennan on "A" 40 was the winner; L/Cpl. Dressor on "A" 21, second; L/Cpl. Ross on "A" 47, third; Tpr. Jennings on "A" 50, fourth; Sgt. Langley, fifth and L/Cpl. Rus

Corporal Biggins of Larkslip saw the end of the Kaiser and 'is Cub and they'll never be seen on this earth no more."

Veterans of '46

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sell the unlucky one.

From the social point of view the trip was a tremendous success; the well-known hospitality of the Nova Scotians being extended to all ranks. Wherever we went people went out of their way to make our stay pleasant. The first days were very, very dry, but later on we found that which we sought and we all still have pleasant memories of the famous "N.S. Tea."

Taken all around the trip was very enjoyable and we flatter ourselves, foolishly no doubt, that there is many a fair maiden who is sighing in vain for her dashing "dragon" in all his glory—tin hat and all.

We left on the "Ocean Limited" on the 5th after a wonderful send-off, the mayor and, it seemed, a good part of the town being on hand at the station to wish us bon voyage. We reached barracks at supper time the next day.

Before concluding we would like to record our appreciation of the band, with whom we were on the best of terms. Their music stirred us all and brought out the best there was in us.

The Royal Canadian Drogaans were impressive. Their musical ride proved to be a tremendous fea-

ture, and will be one of the mainstays in the evening performances of the show. Sixteen troopers under the command of Lieut. W. G. D. Chadwick took part in this thrilling event. The well trained horses, the brilliant uniforms, the glittering lances, flying the tiny pennants afforded a magnificent display. The various formations called for training and skill, while the final charge brought the audience in the front of the building to their feet in alarm. The charge was halted only a pace from the barrier. The zig zag courses, the counter marches, the weaving steps of the horses, all called for a high degree of co-ordination between horses and riders.

—Amherst Daily News

We congratulate our comrade "Felix" on his promotion to one of the oldest corps in the service, namely: The Corps of "Garrison Pioneers." We need not comment on the wisdom of this move as all ranks are aware of the high degree of mechanical skill required to successfully carry out this duty. He will, at the same time, be able to devote his spare time to assisting Dick.

Throughout many parts the world 'The Goat' has many friends but it's popularity in far-off Mahé is a testimonial of its universal appeal. The Seychelles Group of which Mahé is one of the principal islands—are situated in the center of the Indian Ocean. The following description is sent by one of our subscribers:—

"Seychelles"

Upon hearing of my impending departure for the "Seychelles Islands" friends and relations all exclaimed, "How very interesting but—er—where exactly are they?" And that was precisely what I was asking too! Apart from the fact that my ticket said "via Bombay"—by a B.I. boat—which seemed to indicate that my ultimate destination was somewhere in the Indian Ocean, I knew very little of the spot which was to be my home for three years. At the back of my mind was an impression of South Sea Isles, and visions promptly arose of blue lagoons, dazzling coral sands and grass-skirted hybiscus—adorned native girls and all those luxuriant, perfume-scented pictures drawn by De Vere Stackpoole and others.

Imagine, therefore, my astonishment at 5.30 a.m. one day on waking up, to find the boat anchored just outside the harbour of Port Victoria in Mahé Island, which looked like a long range of mountains, sticking sheer out of a grey sea, as were about six lesser islands all shrouded in heavy clouds and looking extremely cold and forbidding and black against a grey sky.

My heart sank as I remembered that I was expected to spend thirty-six long months in such a place of gloom and apparent desolation! Five days south of Bombay, four days east of Mombasa and, worst of all, nearly a month from home!

Strong coffee a bath, and an hour's packing helped to while away the time until breakfast when someone called me to have my first glimpse of Mahé, and there in front of me was a complete transformation.

The islands were entirely green—every possible shade and tone of it—palm trees everywhere—the sea an exquisite mixture of blues, greens and purple—and overhead blazed a decidedly tropical sun.

We were taken ashore in the Government launch by the C.M.O. a cheery Irishman who had spent thirty years of his life in Mahé and looked the picture of health in spite of it! As we neared the landing pier the town of Victoria

showed itself to be quite a large one, mainly situated along the shore level and backed almost immediately by the mountains which rise to two and three thousand feet in height.

Here was no "shanty on a lonely isle" but a flourishing port entitled to the name of "city" having, as I discovered later, an Anglican and a Roman Catholic Cathedral.

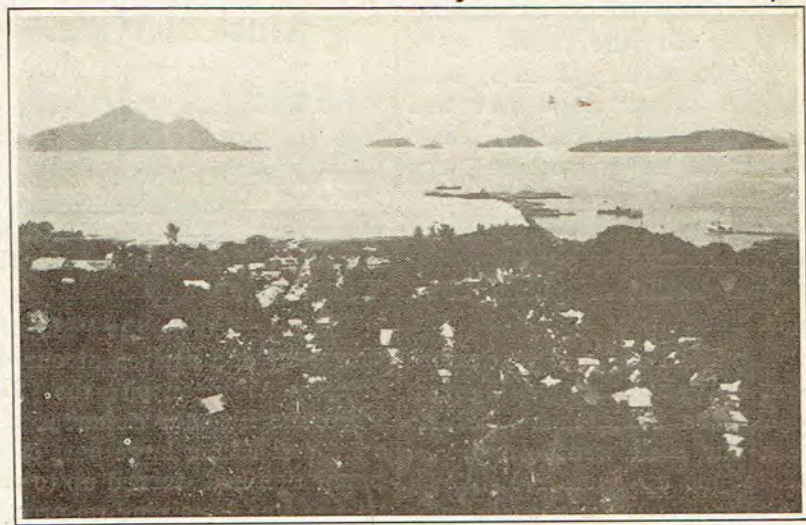
Most towns, villages and hamlets seem to have a centre of commerce and Victoria boasts one too, and it is made conspicuous by the presence of a familiar clock-tower, round which are the G.P.O., the Court and Treasury Buildings, the entrance to Government House and the beginning of the Long Pier. On one side is a drinking fountain with a small statue of Queen Victoria on the top and on each side are two guns, entirely useless, I gather, but none the less imposing and ornamental.

The "shops"—many in number and similar in appearance—owned entirely by Indians and Chinks and possessing the most astounding collection of goods, from coils of rope, fans, tinned food and furniture (such as it is) to dress material cheese, dried fish and sweets supply the inhabitants with the necessities of life and are to be found chiefly to the right of the clock (looking from the sea) whilst the residential neighbourhood stretches to the left for over a mile.

The houses are mostly bungalows and are built of wood and corrugated iron—except a few really smart ones which have coral walls and tin roofing. All have verandahs, but for some extraordinary reason those fortunate ones which possess a sea view, have been built "back to the front" with the verandah (in many cases the only one) facing the dusty road and the kitchen and least used rooms facing the harbour and good view!

The one main road is a fairly good copy of an English country road and it runs along the edge of the sea for nearly three-fourths of the way round Mahe. Possibly funds do not permit the continuance of it all round, or probably seeing the natives prefer going up a perilous short cut at a precipitous angle to walking along a gently winding and easier road—it is not worth while making the extra bit which would have so little real use.

Besides this, there are roads which wind up each of the lesser mountains like La Mysere, Exile and Sans Souci, which are well worth exploring as the view from



"A wonderful view of midget houses nestling among the green trees—A sea with its blue and mauves and reflections—"

Victoria, Mahé, Seychelles Islands

the top out over the adjacent islands is simply magnificent on a clear day.

I am told by more experienced travellers than I that most places have a "Signal Hill" and in this respect we follow the fashion too. It lies to the north of the island and is a very popular "spadger" for the energetic after tea! The path, little more than a foot or two wide in places, leads up "excelsior" fashion, over boulders, across tiny streams, through cocoanut and banana trees for about eighteen hundred feet until one reaches the last lap, which has to be done almost on all fours. On the very top lives the watchman in a small shack, beside which are the flag staff and a corrugated iron hut containing the flags, cone and telescope. It is the life work of this black gentleman to give due warning to the Port Office on the Short Pier of any ship, merchant, sailing naval or otherwise, making its way amongst the numerous treacherous reefs to Victoria harbour. Ru-

mour runs that if he fails to do this he loses his job and has to pay a fine of 15 rupees (about 23/-) as well. He is reputed to possess a family of fifteen children (according to my native cook) which leads one to conclude he is taking no risks in that direction! Perched up on a huge bar rock alongside this hut, with a sheer drop of about one thousand feet below one feels the truth of the song "I'm sitting on top of the world"—for the world of Mahe is spread out in panorama like an architect's plan of a model village "Distance lends enchantment" they say, and in this case it's true. No smells—no dust—no raucous noises or incessant bells—but a wonderful view of midget houses nestling amongst the green trees. A sea with its blue! and mauves and reflections and over everything a deep feeling of utter peace and that

"God's in His Heaven,
"All's well with the world."
"Exiled."

Soldiering.

(By F. W. Powell.)

(Continued)

After travelling for a few hours in utter discomfort and without the least idea of where we were heading (for we stumbled upon a position held by an Imperial crowd. These men were not particularly pleased to see us and their O.C. absolutely refused permission for us to proceed along his sector. So, out again into the cold, wet, black, cheerless world. Happiness had vanished long since and a man would as cheerfully kill his best pal, as look at him. It

is a comfort to know that things always must terminate at some time or other. This horrible trip ended when quite by accident we came upon our advance party who made themselves known by challenging us to declare ourselves. Now could we make ourselves comfortable. Perhaps. To take over new trenches on a wet, cold and dark night is a most pleasant form of entertainment. These particular holes were the worst yet. Flooded, and in places one stood knee high in the cold water. Under such conditions men are nothing



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like as patriotic at one would be led to expect and none but an utter fool would venture to ask any of 'em if they intended joining up again for the next war. The floor of most of the dug-outs was hidden by a covering of cold, muddy water.

How on earth the human frame could resist all this is still a mystery to me. So far we have suffered very little from the exposure but there's plenty of time. As one lay, calmly regarding the nice fat rats flopping about in the water, it seemed that there were many more comfortable spots in the universe than these trenches of ours.

A nice warm, smelly pig-stye for instance. The night passed and with morning came that great blessing, the ration of rum, upon which we drank ourselves into a state of stupification. Perhaps, provided a certain sergeant whose identity I shall not disclose until he makes me real good and mad did not get there first. Breakfast was an utter failure. Fires refused to burn. Now to see what was to be seen. The prospect was rotten in the extreme. Trench No. 128 was bad enough in all conscience but luxurious in comparison with this damned thing. Oh, it was a glorious outlook that made one join whole-heartedly with the poet who sang,

"Oo wouldn't be a soljer, eh?
It's a shame ter tike the pay."

In course of time we were relieved and moved back to rest in huts alongside the road. What with working parties and fatigues the time simply flew and before we knew it were back again in the line. Almost forgot to mention that during this period of "rest" we were inspected by the King. Although somewhat sloppy don't suppose he minded that very much. The ordinary members of the regiment lined each side of the road while the giants were chosen to pass in review before the King. As always something jammed at the very last minute and it was discovered that the required number of giants fell short by two. In the rush the two men at the end of the line were commanded to fall in. By a strange perversity of luck these two chaps were LeMaitre and Greener, about the smallest men we had. Beside the big chaps they showed up to great advantage. Perhaps. After the inspection cheers were given so heartily for the King that his horse grew alarmed and eventually succeeded in unseating his rider.

In the line for a few days our

again to fresh billets and then a move up towards Dickiebusch. Just previous to falling in my first military crime was committed. Unintentional it is true but that's no excuse in the army. Before disclosing my depravity must explain the position of the other ranks at the time of which I speak. There were no Sergeant messes. They, the corporals and the men messed and slept together. Do not think any suffered from this close contact but you never can tell. Closer association with Imperial units put fresh ideas into the heads of our people and the breach between sergeant and man widened very considerably. Anyway at this time we of the 1st Troop, C. were quite pally and my sergeant needed no great persuasion to share in the many parcels of eatables and such like that came from anxious friends in England. This chap was killed later on, so again I'll not disclose his identity. A large parcel came for me this morning we were to move and I had some job getting rid of it. My sergeant did his share nobly. Naturally there was much debris about my bed. This I was told to remove by the sgt. Failing to do this at the moment I was thunderstruck to hear myself told to consider myself under arrest. Almost immediately was I hauled before the Sqdn. Cmdr. who after hearing the charge of "Hesitating to obey an order." remanded me for the O.C. Rather rich, eh, what?

In consequence go into the line with a heavy heart for am I not a criminal? I am permitted to retain my arms. This is strange. No knowing what such a dangerous character at myself might do with a rifle. They are taking an awful chance, are they not? However, actually killed nobody, neither of our own or the enemy and eventually returned for what the authorities are pleased to call "Rests." Next morning I am warned for Orderly room at such and such a time. Zero hour coming I am marched away under an escort of two men with fixed bayonets. Col. Nelles hears the charge read out and after listening to my wild appeal for mercy passes the sentence of three extra fatigues, all of which, by the way, are yet to be done. Rag-time army, did you say? Yes, for a time it was... very much so. Sergeants like wine, improve with age. This was absolutely the giddy limit and I'm glad to relate nothing so trivial ever occurred again.

Never quite knew our reason for being at Dickiebusch but fancy we were sort of supporting the

Straths. At all events it was a long tiresome march to dug-outs worse than ever. Another thing I remember is the fact of being stuck for an hour or so at a particularly choice spot, named, for very obvious reasons, "Suicide Corner!" It was fortunate that we shifted before the coming of daylight. Suicide Corner was in full view of the enemy who saw to it that none wandered about searching for souvenirs. Taken in all the R.C.D's. were a lucky crowd. Time and time again did we escape damage by sheer luck. Another instance of this luck was in evidence when we set out for Dickiebusch. During the confusion of falling in and all that sort of stuff an enemy plane was exceedingly interested in our movements which faithfully reported to the artillery farther back.

Off we started. For some unknown cause we suddenly left the road for the fields and when halted, thanked our lucky stars for not being in the mist of the heavy stuff now plastering the road over which we should by all rules and regulations be proceeding.

Again must I plead ignorance of what the brigade might have accomplished at this part of the line. I do remember pulling out late one night for Meteren. It was 6 a.m. when we reached Bailleul. During the ten minutes rest most of us slept on the cobble stones. Dickens of a job persuading exhausted limbs to carry on. Meteren at last with a cow-shed for a billet. Most of us just flopped and slept as we were until late in the afternoon. Foot-slogging has its disadvantages. Have almost forgotten to mention the period spent up near Kemmel for the purpose of erecting elaborate dug-outs. We lived in tents. This is rather pleasant for the work is not particularly hard although the enemy makes things quite uncomfortable for us much too often. Kemmel village comes in for more shelling than it can stand and is giving way under the weight of metal that falls daily upon it. Often do we get caught in a "strafe" but always manage to escape without injury. The natives have the wind up a mile but carry on and rake in the shekels. Almost daily does Fritz shell us as we work on these dug-outs. Frequently are we forced to evacuate our positions. Can assure you it took but very little persuasion to come to this conclusion. None get wounded, strangely enough. Narrow escapes are legion. To see men taking cover where none exists is funny, really. They think they are covered. This

conviction is helpful. As long as they feel that way nothing else matters. Yourself for instance. When your dug-out was roofed with a couple of sheets of galvanized iron covered with a few sand-bags you felt comparatively safe although the covering would not keep out even shell splinters. This ostrich business may be foolish but surely is it comforting. Shells don't seem so bad when one can't see 'em bursting. One remarked about twenty men in a long queue sheltering behind a tree, between themselves and the bursting shells. They felt safe but if Fritz had altered his range the merest fraction they never would have known what struck 'em.

Plenty of rain whilst up at Kemmel Hill. Just the same managed to have quite a deal of fun. Buck Lonsdale will probably be remembered by his famous song "The entry of the gladiators." Queer duck was Buck. Had the most curious way of composing his lengthy letters. After filling several sheets he would proceed to place punctuation marks promiscuously with no regard to rhyme or reason. The result was not always as desired. What the devil did it matter, anyway. Have already mentioned Cpl. White, that huge giant of a Scot. He was like all big men, good natured. We little minnows kidded him unmercifully. Although quite capable he refrained from murdering us. Greener, however, went a bit too far on one occasion. How his dignity suffered when White, remarking, "If you act like a baby, I'll treat you as one" laid him across his knee and smacked his bottom. Cheerio, Greener, no harm meant.

Now are things going to happen quickly. On Friday morning, January 14th, 1916, we turn out in force to bid good-bye to the men of the King Edward Horse as they march away from the brigade. Again I repeat our genuine regret at parting with these men. Snap goes another link. The Garrys are coming to replace them, but the old Brigade will never seem the same again. Sometimes whilst on leave one would run into a K.E.H. and the mutual delight at the meeting was something that sort of makes life brighter.

Baths

That I should have proceeded so far with no mention of the many bathing places is a grave error. Some of these places were bad, some worse and the rest just awful. Those alongside the Neuve



"Generally the chap in the next tub could be prevailed upon to scrub one's back—"

Eglise road were simply so-so. Large wooden wash tubs accommodate our bodies. Before settling down to the business of bathing one must go and draw his ration of hot water in a pail. This, tempered with cold was all one could possibly hope for. If one was as sloppy as myself he would find himself without soap. On these occasions the other chaps were none too generous. Soap was cheap enough, the dirty dogs. If one was not successful in begging the only other course was stealing. Well enough if you are not discovered in the theft.

Anyway, one squatted in this wash-tub and did one's damndest to cleanse every part of a body that seems immense under the circumstances. Generally the chap in the next tub could be prevailed upon to scrub one's back on the condition that the same duty was done to his person. Time was limited and expired always before the completion of the cleansing process. With soiled underclothing one would given in exchange. Under these rush along the draughty passage to a place where clean stuff was conditions cannot but refuse to see anything divine in the human form. Clothing covers a multitude of sins. Even though the clothing had been boiled and roasted, our little pets had survived. Often was the clean stuff found to be in a worse condition than that turned in in exchange. Every body was in great spirits during a bath. Tear about these draughty buildings, (in an absolutely nude condition) slip and tear chunks out of ourselves, and, strangest part of all, thoroughly enjoy it. Should rightly have contracted pneumonia and died but soldiers don't seem able to do those sort of things. We are, have to be, in good physical condition.

Whilst sojourning at Meteren our complete ablutions were per-

formed at the bath attached to the asylum for those of feeble mind. This was a vast improvement on the Bulford Camp establishment. We bathed in an actual swimming bath. Unfortunately the water was only about 3 ft. deep. The enthusiasts could manage to get in a couple or so strokes if a few scratches en route were not minded. Here, the underclothing was of better quality. Speculation as to what would be given in exchange for that turned in provided quite a mild sort of a thrill. If things went well at the first shot it would not be strictly military, so, of course, one was never surprised in the least at receiving a shirt made for a man twice his size. Fervently blessing the custodian of the wardrobe one sweetly requested a shirt of more seemly proportions. The next proves too small. One's temper mellows as the return trip is made for further exchange. This time the pig-dog in charge turns rusty and refuses further negotiations. Tell him what a nice face or'gin and the luck of those who wangle bomb-proof jobs... marvel he has... remark on his probable at his Christian-like spirit, all to no avail. Take it or leave it.

That's what a fighting man gets from this pimply-faced creature doing a real man out of a good job. Tell him to go and do something to himself, which he doesn't and return to a day blackened by the uncharitability (Course, I do... if there's no such word, you just find a better one) of one soldier to another. By the time you are arrayed again in a fitting manner, your party has moved off. Just as well. Rushing right after a bath is rather dangerous. Then again that pretty little miss over in the corner house may be free to accompany us along the long road that leads to home.

Oh, yes, these bathing parades were most popular. No attempt

to dodge 'em. Despite appearances think that most of us prefer cleanliness to filth. One should never be misled by all one sees. Take the writer for instance. Did anything in the brigade present a more filthy appearance than myself? No, Freddie, you're correct, there was not. This condition was not altogether my fault. Fact was could not muster sufficient energy to overcome the obstacles that lay between myself and cleanliness, so just let things slide. Slanderers tell of my wearing a suit of underwear for four months but this is shockingly exaggerate. Brother Martin is altogether too fond of relating this black spot in my life. Save me from my friends. Four months, if you please. Impossible. My Gawd, Aggie, can such things be? Four months, indeed I'll get even with him before I come to the end of my story.

With the single exception of this bath at Meteren all bathing places practiced rigid economy in the matter of water. The more up-to-date places had showers. At the command one you stand with a cake of soap grasped firmly, but not too firmly, mind, waiting for the warm water to trickle out of the only unblocked pin-point. You must exercise the greatest vigilance or you'll be completely out of luck. On the command, prepare to receive warm water, you fix your eyes steadily on the shower above your head and contemplate with elation the stream of water that will descend over and around you, keeping, at the same time, a firm hold on your soap, unless you have no objection to its unholy theft. Stand to. Here it comes. Damn, ice cold. By the time you have recovered from the shock they've turned the water off to give you time to soap your trembling body. For the benefit of the spartans who have succeeded in this operation the water is turned on again

for the purpose of rinsing off the soap. Only for a fraction of a second. A very, very small percentage have succeeded in making the necessary movements synchronize with the flow of water. For the rest of us, this bath has proved a delusion and a snare. We rush from shower to shower searching in vain for one that release just a few drops of the precious fluid. The things were all blocked up anyway. What a life and what a blankety—blankety-blank army.

(To be continued)

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Bucephalus.

The following is an extract from an article taken from the Mail & Empire, Toronto, Nov. 9th.

"The horse with a past! That's the Canadian Army Horse, 'Bucephalus,' which triumphed over thirty of the best jumping horses from the French, Polish, and United States armies on Monday night at Madison Square Gardens, New York, and won the famous George III Challenge Cup. Not much to look at, this great lepper was, when first purchased by the Canadian Government, sent to the R.C.R. to be used as a transport horse. Later he was transferred to the R.C.D. at Stanley Barracks and right after his first lessons on schooling became the talk and pride of the R.C.D's."

This wonderful jumper, so widely talked of and written about at the present time, has at last been given proper recognition, although he has a long list of consistent and remarkable performances behind him, and could be counted upon at all times to make a good showing among the first flight of the best horses from European and American countries.

The credit of the first training of this horse must go to Sgt.-Maj. Lyne, R.C.A.V.C., Toronto, (a splendid horseman) who first recognised this horse's possibilities and who trained and rode the horse in all shows while it was on the strength of the R.C.R. To him must go the honour of beating the members of the American Army Team in several open competitions in 1924, finally capping the display with a jump of six foot eleven inches in the high jump, capturing the blue ribbon after a heavy fall.

Unfortunately the Sgt.-Major could not give his undivided attention to the horse, with the result that he was left to the tender mercies of an inexperienced groom, who, when exercising and out of sight, had a habit of jumping him on hard ground and rocks for the edification of lady friends looking on.

The result could be fore-told—this wonderful horse eventually stood in a stall with both fore-legs crocked—blistered from knee to coronet—a dejected and sorry-looking animal of little interest to any one, a doubtful prospect for further honours in a show ring.

However, his old friend the Sgt.-Major and Capt. G. F. Berteau, R.C.D. still had faith in him and through the great kindness of Col. Hill, then Officers Commanding the R.C.R. and Col. Gilman, Command-

ing the R.C.D., the horse's transfer was effected to the R.C.D. and was taken over as a charger by Capt. Berteau.

From that time on the horse received the best of treatment, and thanks to the splendid efforts of Col. Evans, V.O., and the constant care bestowed upon him by his groom, (ex-Tpr. Lefebvre, who would get up in the middle of the night to attend him) the horse eventually regained a degree of soundness, although always inclined to tenderness in front.

Only a horse with a wonderful heart could have performed as he did after recovery. Repeatedly he was entered in shows at the Military Tournament, Canadian National Exhibition and Royal Winter Fair, Toronto, and seldom did he fail to take the cups or come in the ribbons, ridden either by Sgt.-Major Lynne, or Capt. Berteau.

In 1925, he was picked as one of the horses of the Canadian Team for the International. Ridden by Capt. Berteau in that year he was placed third in the Individual Officers' Contest competing against French, Belgian, American and other Canadian Officers and in the International Event was the top scoring Canadian horse.

At the New York Horse Show in the same year he was out of luck and sorts as he was suffering from soreness in front and was confined without proper exercise in close stables beneath the armouries. However he came into his own again in the show following at the Chicago Riding Club, and performed consistently through the five nights of the International over the Olympic Course, having only 18½ points scored against him and being beaten by one horse, "Harris" of the French Team, ridden by Capt. Lassidiere, with 16½ points. He also made a splendid showing in the Officers' Individual, won by the American, Capt. Waters riding "Proctor" after running off three times.

Capt. Berteau, (his rider) broke his leg in the spring of 1926 and in the International meet of that year he was ridden by Major R. S. Timmis, D.S.O. with great success both at Toronto and New York making top score in the International at New York against French, Belgian, Polish and American Teams. Major Timmis also had success with him in the Military Tournament of that year, capturing ribbons and a cup and several ribbons at the Canadian National Exhibition.

On Capt. Berteau's transfer to

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"A" Squadron, St. Johns, P.Q., the horse was also transferred after return from New York, as he was still his charger. After arrival at St. Johns, he was again laid up for a considerable period with his fore-legs, but received splendid attention and treatment from the Principal Veterinary Officer, Col. Piché; with the result that he was in high fettle to compete for the International in 1927.

Major Timmis, D.S.O., was again appointed this year to be his guide and under his capable handling this wonderful horse has once more shown his qualities and splendid heart by winning the George III Cup and another 2nd at New York and may be in line for many other honours before finishing the year at the Royal Winter Fair, Toronto.

The laziest fellow we know rides in a Ford car to save himself the trouble of knocking ashes off his cigar.

P.O. Box 963 Tel. 785
Ivan Sabourin B.C.L
 Attorney and Counsellor-at-Law
 128a Richelieu St. ST. JOHNS
 (Langlois Bldg.)

Hats off to a most wonderful horse and consistent performer—one of the best on the American continent.



S. M. Lyne, R.C.A.V.C. on "Bucephalus"

A series of extracts from "Mount and Man" by Lieut.-Col. M. F. McTaggart, D.S.O., (late 5th R. I. Lancers) will be re-printed in "The Goat." The book is published by Country Life, Ltd., London, Eng and Charles Scribner's Sons New York, and is recommended by the editor to readers interested in a higher standard of horsemanship, for its lucidity and simplicity.

"VICE." (Continued)

In the old days, if one wanted to pick out a good troop horse, it

was always a certainty to ask the troop sergeant to show you the worst horse in the stable. I have no doubt things are much better now but in those days a horse with courage soon became the "nasty" vicious brute, and thin-skinned horses were always "devils to groom."

Whatever happened, they always blamed the horse and accused him, when anything displeasing occurred, with being an "asterisk," "dash," "asterisk" son of an "asterick" progenitor. When

casting parades came on there were always quite a bunch of horses up to be caste for "vice," and very many stories could be told of the wonderful successes that subsequent owners had with those so-called "incurably vicious" horses.

In the old cavalry training manual, "vice" was put down in a prominent position in the chapter on Training Horses, but I am pleased to be able to record that I was instrumental in having that objectionable word removed. To speak of vice in a horse is to argue against your own knowledge and experience. The horse is so gentle by nature, so docile by disposition, so patient and forbearing, that vice must be something quite apart from his normal disposition.

Temper is, of course, a different thing from vice. The former is only temporary, while the latter is, or is supposed to be, of a permanent nature. But it is difficult in discussing these matters to differentiate with any exactitude between the two phases. It is, however possible to ruin a horse's temper, and once this has been accomplished, it is final. No amount of kindness will bring back what has been irredeemably

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got. It may be instances such as these which give colour to the "vice" idea, but mercifully they are somewhat rare in this country. They would never occur at all did we all know and understand how a horse should be treated. Vice is the reiteration of temper, and for those mathematically inclined we can express it thus:

Tn-V

THE APPROACH

What is the secret of presenting a horse at a fence so that he will jump it off his hocks, land a comfortable, distance the other side, and give what is known as a "good feel"? Generally speaking, we find that with two fences out of three, although we manage to get over all right, we are aware that the horse was out of his stride and jumped off is forehand. When this occurs, we experience not a feeling of pleasure, but one of relief when we find ourselves safely on the other side. Sometimes we give him a jab in the mouth and say, "come up" and call him an expletory quadruped; we seldom if ever, put the blame on the right shoulders. On the other hand, when he does come up to the fence in his stride, springs off his hocks and lands well into the next field, what a different sensation it is and how it adds to the pleasure and safety of hunting!

It is generally believed that it is too much to expect any man to reach the standard of being sure of his horse's stride every time, and hunting people generally are content with things as they are, and do not worry about these matters over-much. But there are many who delight in riding for riding's sake and who are not content with anything less than perfection. It is for these that the study of the art of approach becomes fascinating, particularly as it is probably the most difficult art in the world. The reason for this is that we have to ride every horse in a slightly different way. Some horses are very easy, and when riding them we fancy we have mastered the problem, only to find ourselves woefully at sea when we get on to some less temperate amount. Fortunately, the rules are the same in all cases; it is only the application which presents the difficulty. Our first trouble is that our horses have seldom been really schooled. The "made-hunter" will certainly jump well enough, but we want something more than that. We want him temperate, balanced and obedient to both the legs and rein. This is a standard that can only be attained by continuous work

and good horsemanship for many months. It is beyond the opportunity of some, or the inclination of others, but no matter. Let us know what to try for every time we take a fence and each jump will be one more progressive experience.

IT EARNED ITS MAYOR

(Toronto Globe)

While "Big Bill" Thompson is posing as an example of the chaste in "American" national life, and in his anxiety to retain the support of the non-Anglo-Saxon voter in Chicago is making his ridiculous gallery-play against the British Sovereign, comes the announcement that 17,000 divorce cases are now pending in the courts of that city. Poor Chicago! There must be enough sensible people left within its confines to weep. Its divorce record is ample cause, but on top of this to have "Big Bill" to make it the laughing-stock of the continent, after it has gained a reputation as a brazen thief of Great Lakes water—after all, it is not entitled to pity.

Chicago gained its early reputation as a slaughterhouse centre; to go to Chicago to see the sights was to visit the stock yards—which was no slight upon it. But its later fame rests on other foundations. Its crime record has spread its name far and wide. In the six years ending Dec. 31st last, 1,795 murders were recorded in Cook County, not much short of one day, and 1,154 persons faced murder charges in the courts. Of these—and this may be significant—732 were discharged, and of those convicted only 24 were hanged. It has become a city of bandit gangs with machine guns, where money counts more than life—a city without a conscience. It is little wonder that a buffon like "Big Bill" is the favorite choice for Mayor.

CHICAGO'S BIG BUFFOON

(Toronto Globe)

"Big Bill" Thompson, Mayor of Chicago, is on a rampage again, and people throughout the civilized world must find themselves in doubt whether to receive his buffoonery with mirth or pity. While it is impossible to repress a smile when one reads the threats of what he will do to King George if his Majesty ever "dares to stick his snout into Chicago," it is also difficult to retain a feeling of pity that ignorance and bombast should lead any man deliberately to set

himself up as a laughing-stock before his fellow-men.

"People have no right to make fools of themselves, unless they have no relations to blush for them," wrote Haliburton. It is impossible to say how the other Thompsons of Chicago and elsewhere feel concerning their eccentric relative, but certain it is that if there are any intelligent and refined citizens in the Windy City they must find themselves blushing very often and very ruddily at the behavior of their mountebank Mayor.

"Big Bills" dementia take the form—whether real or assumed it is not clear—of a strong antipathy for King George and everything that is British; and he appears to have become seized with an obsession that King George intends to go to Chicago. "We want no British King running our affairs," he has pompously declared. "Whenever he spokes his nose in we will hit it a jolt! Out with him and all his snoopers!" And the amusing part of the whole affair is that, a million chances to one, King George has never heard of "Big Bill" Thompson. In one way that is too bad. Some one really should give his Majesty the opportunity to indulge in a hearty laugh by repeating some of "Big Bill's" picturesque phrases. And the point which would no doubt amuse his Majesty the most is the whimsical idea that he contemplates a visit to Chicago. King George, of course is a good and wise Sovereign, and knows when he is well off. Life in Chicago is too insecure to tempt any one voluntarily to go there even for the purpose of catching a glimpse of its outstanding curiosity—Mr. William Hale Thompson.

BOOKS AND THEIR AUTHORS

"The Broken Lance," by Reggie Cross.

"The Biter Bitten" by L/Cpl. Russell.

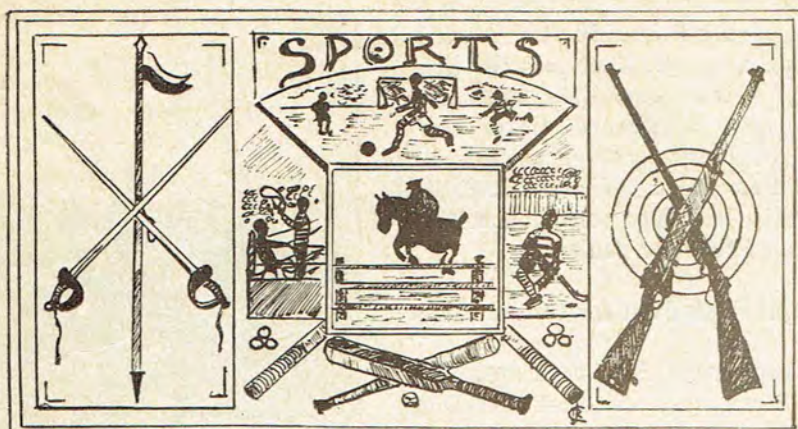
"Females and How to Attract Them" by L/Cpl. Ross.

"The Scarlet Coat" by "Jimmy."

"Hints on the Issue of Meal Tickets" by S.M.I. Wardell.

"Why, How, and Where I Kissed That Girl" by Tpr. Allingham.

Judging by the "collars" on the beers these days there is evidently a movement on foot to start a branch of the A.O.F.B. (Ancient Order of Froth Blowers.) We are wondering if Sir Alfred has been notified.



Canadians To Front In Horse Show At New York.

NEW YORK, Nov. 8—(Star Special)—With a jumping performance that was as fine as any ever given in shows of recent years, Bucephalus exhibited by Major R. S. Timmis, of the Canadian Army, last night opened the National Horse Show in Madison Square Garden by gliding over a difficult course of fences and carrying off the famous challenge cup offered by Jan Ciechanowski, Minister of Poland to Washington, for an officers jumping competition.

The bay gelding from Canada conquered a group of chargers that was so rich in quality and so skillful in skimming over the brush and bar fences that a jump-off was necessary before the judges could decide which horse had won the famous old trophy.

Major Timmis, besides being the proud winner of the blue in this class, gained for his collection a trophy that is steeped in tradition. It is the original George III silver gilt trophy made by London silversmiths at the beginning of the nineteenth century and first won by the Montgomeryshire Yeomanry in 1816.

France Second

France placed second in this event with the beautiful bay mare Laitue, the property of Lieut. P. A. Clave, of the French Army. Poland with Lieut. Stefan Starnowski's Hannibal was third, and the United States Military Academy took the white ribbon with the gray gelding, Queen's Own.

More Canadian Honors

The Canadians were not far behind in the next event, for which first place fell to Miss America, the other three ribbons went to Canada. The Maple Leaf team took second with Major Timmis' Bucephalus, third with Captain S.

C. Bates' bay gelding, Golden Gleam and fourth with Capt. L. D. Hammond's bay gelding, Sergeant Murphy.

The summaries included:

Morning—Class 152 (jumpers course C) won by Miss America, United States Army team; Major Timmis, b.g. Bucephalus (Canadian Army team), second; Captain S. C. Bates, b.g. Golden (Canadian Army team), third; L. D. Hammond's b.g. Sergeant Murphy (Canadian Army team), fourth.

Evening—Class 173 (officers jumping competition,) won by Bucephalus, b. g. Major R. S. Timmis, Canada; Laitue, b. m. Lieut. Pierre Alexis Clave France second; Hannibal, ch. g. Lieut. Stefan T. Etarnawski, Poland, third Queen's Own gr. g. U.S.M. Academy, West Point, fourth.

demy, West Point, fourth.

By Bryan Field

(In the New York Times) . . .
With a performance superior to

anything ever witnessed at previous National Horse Shows, the team of three officers from the Polish Army successfully defended the International Military Tro-

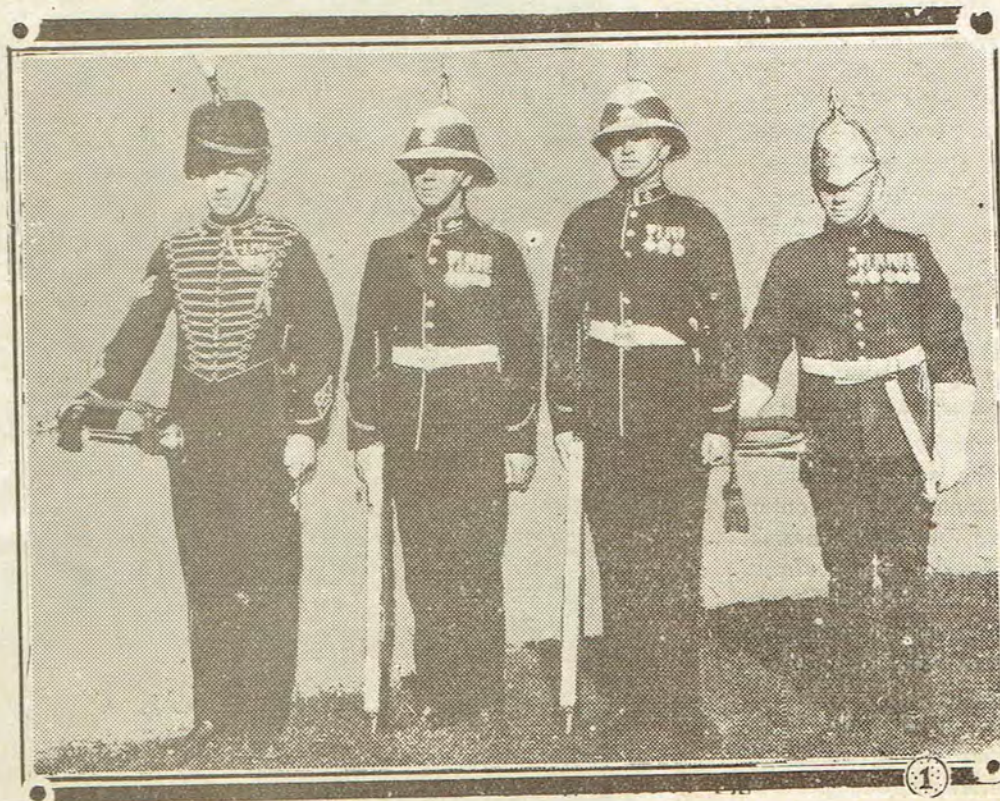
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Photograph showing various types of Review Order uniforms which were worn by the Washington Guard of Honour, left to right, — Sergeant Trumpeter of the R.C.H.A., Sergeant of the Royal Canadian Regiment, Sergeant of the Royal 22nd Regiment and Q.M.S. Trumpeter J. Travers, of the Royal Canadian Dragoons.

(Courtesy of the Toronto Daily Star)

phy at Madison Square Garden last night. A record crowd of 12,000 persons saw the exhibition which failed of being perfect by the skim margin of one and a half faults. Two of the three riders cleared the difficult barriers of the international course flawlessly and the other displaced two laths.

The remarkable exhibition by the Poles swept aside the strongest challenge ever made by United States Army officers. The Americans placed second with the unusually good total of only three and a half faults. Canada's riders were third and those from France fourth. There were no other entries and but one team from each country was permitted to enter.

Few horse show demonstrations have equaled in enthusiasm the ovation accorded the Poles, first when they cleared the jump so sensationally, then when it was announced officially that the Poles had won and later when Major Gen. Winans, Commandant at the United States Military Academy, presented the trophy in midnight. The officers circled the ring at the salute and were applauded until they had disappeared from the arena.

Canadian First To Jump

The Canadians were first to jump. Major Timmis rode Bucephalus, the horse which lifted the Polish Minister's Cup on the opening night of the show. He knocked down one of the bars on the post and rail barrier but otherwise made a perfect performance. Capt. Bates followed on Golden Gleam and knocked off a lath on the triple-bar jump. Captain Hammond with Sergeant Murphy also knocked off a lath. Their total faults were five.

Such jumping was unusually good and the prospect of the Canadians snatching a victory where the Poles had been favored and where the Americans loomed as dark horses brought a burst of applause from the gallery. Lieutenant Stefan Starnawski then entered the ring on Jarek, Starnawski had just witnessed a fine performance but rushed his mount for the barriers. Jacek cleared nicely but knocked off two laths to total one and a half faults.

Then following Captain Michael Antoniewicz riding Redgeldt. Captain Antoniewicz rode perfectly and elicited a burst of applause as he trotted his horse for the runway. When Colonel Karol Rommel galloped Fagas into the ring and without ado or hesitation



Regimental Guidon—Fort Erie Ont. Opening ceremonies—Peace Bridge between Canada and U.S.A.

proceeded to duplicate Captain Antoniewicz's feat the applause was deafening.

It seemed to be in most persons' minds that the Americans would

have to turn in a perfect score to defeat the Poles. But the Americans did not yet come into the ring. The French were next and Capt. Carbon, Lieutenant Clave and Lieut. Briille, riding respectively on Pantin, Laitue and Quadrille, turned in a poor performance that totaled fourteen faults.

Major Doak First for United States

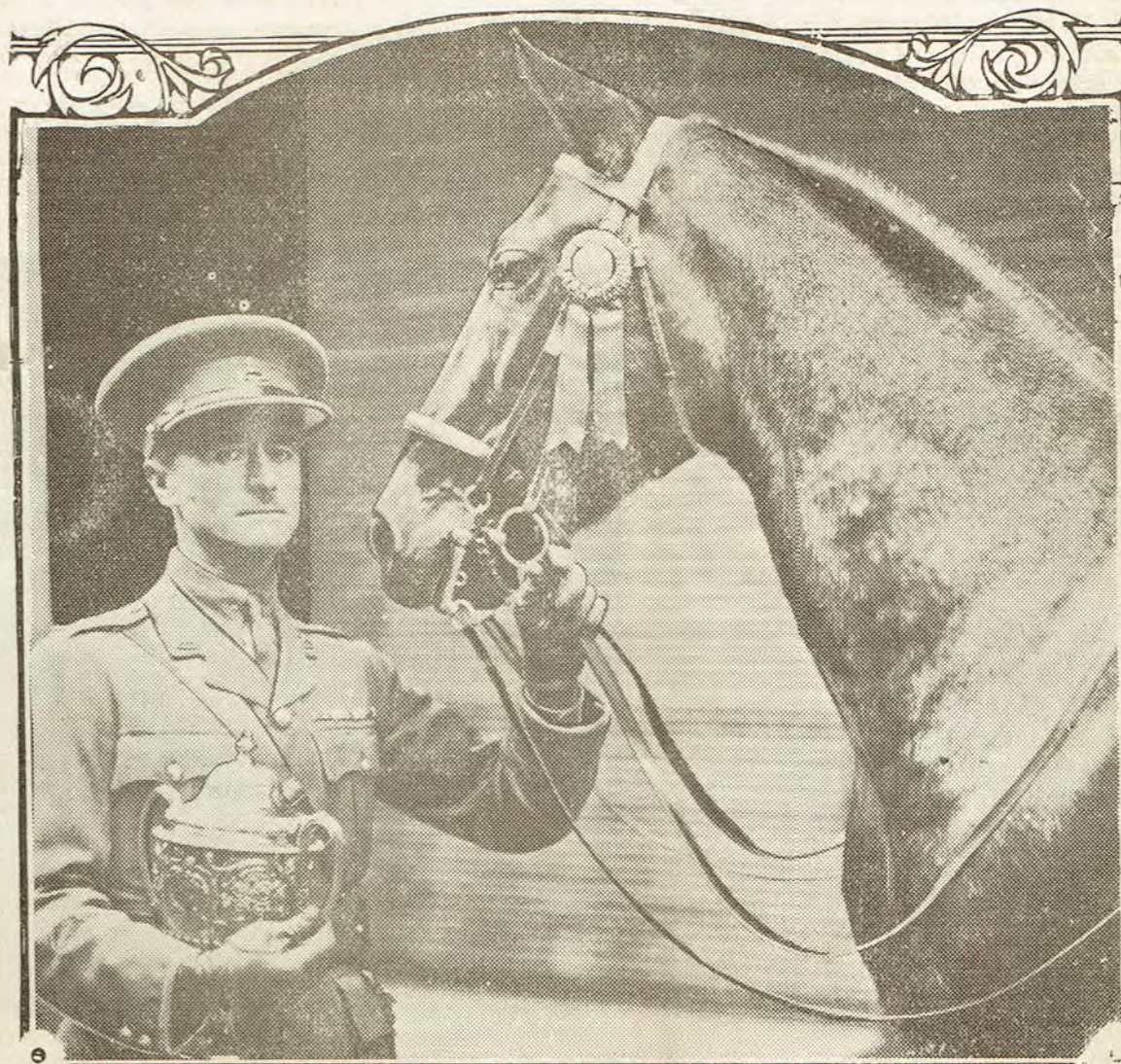
Then came the Americans, Major Sloan Doak was first with Dick Waring. Dick kicked off a lath on the first jump and sailed around gracefully enough till the last jump, where he kicked off another lath. Good, but hardly leaving much margin for the other two if the Poles were to be beaten.

Captain F. H. Waters rode Joe Alshire into the ring with most of the responsibility on himself and his great bay gelding. Joe banged into the top bar of the post and rail fence and knocked the American prospects as far as he knocked the bar. And that was a good distance. Captain Waters lifted his mount over the remaining bars capably and it remained



Fort Erie, Ont., O. C. Royal Canadian Dragoon—Escort to H.R.H. Prince of Wales.

to be seen whether the Canadians could be beaten. Captain Bradford with Miss America set this doubt at rest by making the best American score and knocking



Major R. S. Timmis, D.S.O., Royal Canadian Dragoons, Captain of the Canadian Army Officers Jumping Team with his mount "Bucephalus" and the George III Gold Cup. (Courtesy of the Toronto Daily Star)

down but one lath.

The International Officers Jumping on Friday evening was the drawing card of the show, the arena being filled to capacity. The competition was for a team of three officers from each nation, each officer to ride once over the course. The class was won by Poland with the remarkably low score of 1½ faults, the U.S. Army second with 3 faults, Canada third with 5 faults, and France fourth with 14 faults. All these low scores may well be described as super-jumping, as in last year's competition where the horses were required to jump twice around the course it was also won by Poland with a total score of 21 faults, or an average of 10½ per round. The scores of the Canadian Team were as follows—Major Timmis on "Bucephalus" 4 faults, Captain Hammond, on "Sergeant Murphy" ½ fault, Captain Bate, on "Golden Gleam" ½ fault. "Bucephalus" lost his four points as a result of a light touch on the top bar of the 4 feet 3 in. jump of the "in and out" which rolled the bar off. It was the only mistake which "Bucephalus" made in the whole show, but unfortunately just accounted for the difference between first and third places. The Triple Bar jump preliminaries were held on Saturday morning, and "Bucephalus" clean, and "Sergeant Murphy" with ½ a fault were brought out for the finals in the evening, in which "Bucephalus" with ½ a fault was placed 5th, to four clean performances.

As Canada had only three horses that were up to the Olympic Course at Madison Square Garden, this prevented the team from entering in many classes as their first horse had to be nursed for the big event. U.S.A. had 20 first class horses and six officers to choose from for the Friday night competition whilst the Polish and French teams each had six first class horses and spent most of the year jumping at various shows.

The ventilation in the stables was very greatly improved over last year, but the facilities for exercising and schooling are not good, and the system of not having a bulletin board to show the order of entry into the ring caused considerable confusion, which naturally upsets a nervous horse when the rider attempts to push his way into the ring.

The team received the greatest courtesy from all the Horse Show Officials and the U.S. Army Officers, and Officers of the 51st M. G. Sqn. The courtesy of Mr. John

McEntee Bowman and his staff was greatly appreciated. Col. D. Douglas Young was as usual very kind to the team.

RESULTS OF THE ROYAL WINTER FAIR

On the opening night Major R. S. Timmis, D.S.O., on Bucephalus, captured a first in the open Jumping. Thursday night Capt. Stuart Bate on Golden Gleam and Capt. L. D. Hammond on Sergeant Murphy won 1st and 2nd in the event open to officers of all nations. Friday, Tpr. Nesbitt, Tpr. Walters and Sergeant Tamlyn finished one-two-three in the N.C.O.'s. and Troopers event open to all nations and branches of the service. We offer them our congratulations and wish them further success.

The following article was taken from an Amateur Magazine published by the St. Louis Riding Club and written by one of their embryo horsemen.

THE INTELLIGENT HORSE

The horse's intelligence is evidenced by its marked desire to hear all that may be going on. One can test this by making a noise near a horse, when it will be found that although the animal does not turn its head is the direction of the sound, it does point its ears that way. The marvellous intel-



The Guard of Honour who went to Washington, D.C., to represent Canada at the unveiling of the Canadian Cross of Sacrifice in Arlington Cemetery on November 11th. This picture was taken during their rehearsal in the grounds of the Canadian National Exhibition at Toronto. In the back ground is the the newly erected Eastern Entrance, the "Princess Gate." (Courtesy of the Toronto Daily Star)

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ligence of horses can be observed when they are on the march. The minds of the animals seem to be concentrated on a fixed determination not to be taken unawares. Especially at night or when moving in a body, horses work together in a wonderful manner. Those in the front ranks proceed with their ears pointed forwards, those in the center attend only to sounds which emanate from the sides, and the rear ranks turn their ears backwards. Mules also combine forces in this manner. If one looks at a mule sleeping, it will be noticed that one ear is forward and one backwards. In this way sounds in a contrary direction are caught. This is also remarked in a sleeping horse, and particularly in blinkered horses when being driven through towns or along country roads."

Cold Cash

He: What did Johnson get for inventing the new electric refrigerator?

She: A cool million.

Would-be Flapper: "I go cold all over when I think of my fortieth birthday."

Her friend: "Did something dreadful happen then, dear?"

Mrs. Thomas: "The landlord says if the rent isn't paid by Saturday—out we go."

Thomas: "Fine! That gives us nothing to worry about for five days."

Clarence: "Whew! It's too hot for dancing. Let's stop."

Clara: "All right; but I hope you'll get off my feet when you stop."

INTERFERENCE OF NELLIE

Eating her head off, is she;
Too old to be any good;
If you was me you'd sell her?
Mebbe you would!

Mebbe your way is business;
That's nuther here nor there;
I ain't a' talkin' business—
That's my mare!

When I bought this place I got 'er;
She helped me to clear this land;
And she carried me to see your
mother....
D'ye understand?

And I'm never gonna sell 'er,
Nor either give 'er away;
And she'll get her oats, young
feller,
Twice a day!—R.L.
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TWO DELIVERY TEAMS

An Elastic Lesson

Sheriff (to convicted negro on scaffold)—Rastus, have you anything to say before you die?

Rastus—Yes, boss. dis am sutlinly gwine to teach me a lesson.

What Kind of Beer

Father: "What was the hardest thing you learned at college?"

Son: "How to open beer bottles with a half-dollar."



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